The

Impartialeſt Satyre that ever was ſeen,

That

Speaks truth without fear, or flattry, or ſpleen:

Read

As you liſt, commend it, or come mend it,

The

Man that pen'd it, did with Finis *end it.*

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The Impartialeſt Satyre, &c.

DIvine *Urania*, ayd my feeble pen,
My Saviour and my Soveraign both were men:
Th' one God & man (before the world appointed)
The other Gods man (both the Lords Anointed)
The one the Lord of Glory, and Eternall,
Th' other a glorious Lord (by Grace Supernall.)
One was by *Judas* for a ſmall ſum ſold,
The other for much Silver, Coyn, and Gold:
The Jewes knew not (for had they) ſayes the Story,
They had not crucifi'd the Lord of Glory: 1. *Cor.* 2. 8.
But ſure the Scots did know He was their King
Which they did ſell, and to deſtruction bring.
Our Saviour, at his bitter ſuffring paſſion,
Upon his Crucifiers had compaſſion,
When his tormented ſpirits, near ſpent did pant,
He pray'd for them, declar'd them ignorant,
To this effect *Father* (I beg and ſue)
Forgive them, for they know not what they doe:
Theſe bleſt words, for curs'd Jewes were ſoveraign plaſter,
Chriſt pray'd not for thoſe Knaves that ſold their Maſter;
Their Bargain was not caſuall, or by chaunce,
Nor can they any way plead ignorance:
For what He was, they all did know right well,
They knew He was their King that they did ſell:
The ignorant accurſed Jewes *Sandrim*,
Were not ſo guilty of ſelfe-knowing ſin.
Great *Pontius Pilate*, on's Tribunall Throne,
To judge (his Judge) th' Eternall three in one:
He did not know who then our Saviour was,
Yet did corrupt unwilling cenſure paſſe.

He was a Heathen, and from him was hid
Such knowledge that he knew not what he did,
Pilate had full Authority and Power
From Great *Tiberius*, Romes high Emperour,
But no Records, to memory can bring
That Subjects er'e had power to sell their King:
Scotch murdered Kings, large Hiſtories have fil'd:
But *Charles* the Firſt, was firſt ſold, to be kill'd.
One hundred eight Kings Scotland had beſide,
And fifty eight of them untimely dy'd;
Beheaded, poyſon'd, murdred, ſlain, and ſtarv'd
But ſold for ſlaughter (none like *Charles* was ſerv'd:)
Therefore when Chriſt (the Judge) ſhall all decide,
Jewes ſhall (before thoſe Scots) be juſtifi'd:
Our Saviour ſaid unto the faithleſſe Jew,
You knew not me, be gone, I know not you.
And he'le ſay to the perfidious Scot,
Depart from me, for now I know you not.
You ſinn'd againſt your conſciences, you knew to
You ſold him, whom was your obedience due to;
To whom you plighted had your faiths and troaths,
By Proteſtations, Covenants and Oaths:
Such Knaves, ſaid they, *would to the Vineyard go*,
But then the Raſcals conſciences ſaid no;
You ſwore to him, and him againe forſwore,
Once, twice, and thrice, and thrice, and three times more
I ſeeme too long upon this Theame, but yet
Something remaines, which I muſt not forget:
As *Judas* ſold his Maſter for a price,
He did as you did, for baſe Avarice:
He had but 30 pence (as ſome declare)
Some curſed Scots, had each a greater ſhare.
A King with Grace endow'd, with Vertue crown'd,
You ſold him for two hundred thouſand pownd,
Which money was not juſtly ſhar'd, they ſay,
The ſtrong'ſt got all, the weak went fooles away:
That when the mighty Knaves had each his Fleece,
The poor Rogues had not 15 pence a peece.

That

That Mony was the price of Bloud, indeed
Of Royal Bloud, which makes three Kingdomes bleed;
And sanguine swords o're runs you like a floud,
Like Jewes *Aceldama*, a field of bloud.
Nor was th' intention of *Iscariot*
So bad as was the meaning of the Scot;
For *Judas* saw his Masters Miracles,
Heard his Divine Precepts and Oracles:
He saw him (with his mighty word) appease
And calme the tempest of fierce winds and seas. *Mat. 8. 26.*
He saw him likewise on the water walke,
To raise the dead, and make the dumb to talke,
The blind to see, the lame go, the deafe heare,
Fiends dispossest, and Leopers cleansed cleare;
He saw five Barly Loaves, and two small Fishes
Were for five thousand people plenteous Dishes.
He saw the Jewes would take him, but their power
Could not, till his appoynted time and houre: *John 7. 30.*
When as the Nazarites (through want of Grace)
Would cast him from a Rock, or some high place:
Then *Judas* saw a Miracle was wrought *Luke 4. 28.*
By scaping from them, when his life they sought.
All these things *Judas* saw, and more then these,
He therefore went unto the Pharisees
To take their mony, and his Master sell:
Supposing Christ would free himselfe right well
By Miracle, as he had done before, * ** This is probable to be the intent of Judas.*
Believing that he could escape once more;
But Scottish Jewes, and Judasses did know
Their Master, no such Miracle could show;
They knew he could not scape, and that his beeing
Was sad condition'd, and too fast for fleeing:
Christ could have scap'd away, but *Charles* could not,
Which proves the Scots worse then *Iscariot*.
And *Judas* did an honest trick or two,
More then the false King-selling Knaves will doe:
He brought the mony back, and did repent,
Confesse he had betray'd Bloud Innocent:

Abhorring of his crime and ill got pelfe,
And (in deſpaire) repenting hang'd himſelfe,
His ſatisfactious penitence was ſuch,
That thoſe falſe Scots will ne're do halfe ſo much.
The money they againe will never bring.
Nor ſtretch'd their Weaſands in the fatall ſtring.
JUDAS repented, and to hanging went;
But they'le be hang'd before they will repent.
My raging Satyr is yet rationall,
The fury of it is not Nationall,
Though men are all defil'd with ſins contagion,
God hath his owne in every Land and Region.
'Mongſt Jewes, great numbers were Believers, when
Our Saviour ſuffered for the ſins of men.
And ſure there's many an honeſt Loyall Scot
Whoſe Conſciences this Crime did never ſpot;
Therefore they are raſh Pooles, and they doe doat all,
That lay the blame upon the Nation totall.
There's many noble Scots have bravely bled,
Who Honour'd liv'd, and dy'd in Honours Bed,
Whoſe Fame ſhall (many an Age) out live their lives,
Whoſe valours ſcarcely had Superlatives.
And thouſands ſtill are living at this day,
That do make conſcience what they do or ſay,
This black aſperſion cannot juſtly fall,
To ſcandalize the Nation generall:
But Scotland harbours many a crafty Fox,
Of GEORGE BUCHANANS faction, and JOHN KNOX,
Their dainty Doctrine, at Geneva brew'd,
Hath made ſtark mad the miſled multitude,
That their Opinions as faſt grounded be,
As Squirrils when they skip from Tree to Tree.
Therefore 'tis thought the fault's not in the Scots,
'Tis their Religion that hath made 'em Sots:
It is their piping hot, fire new Presbytery;
(Keep from it, touch it not, it will beſquitter ye)
And if it had been the Almighties will,
I wiſh (in Scotland) they had kept it ſtill,

For

For whereſoe're it comes, it miſchiefe brings
The ſpoyle of Nations, Kingdomes, and of Kings,
Of Peace, and on the ſacred Tribe of Levi
Their mad-brain'd Tyranny lies too too heavy.
They, and the Levites of New Englands brood,
Have made old England drunk with Engliſh bloud,
And with a ſhew of holineſſe and zeale,
They have deſtroy'd our Church, lives, Lawes, and Weale;
And as (by them) we are thus deeply wounded,
So they (by wounding us) are quite confounded,
Enſlav'd and conquer'd, ranſack'd, and Captiv'd
Of Lawes, of Liberties, and love depriv'd.
Thus is Gods Judgement fall'n upon their heads,
As it will do on all that ſo miſ-treads.
Thus I have done with Scots, I cold begin
With Engliſh Jewes, which neare as bad have bin:
But I love cleanlineſſe, and do deteſt
That Fowle that is ſo Fowle, to Fowle his Neſt.
Yet is a Knave a Knave, do what he can,
Let him be Grecian, or Barbarian,
In England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Spaine,
And in Wales too, there may be Knaves in graine.
The Eye of mortall man did never ken
A Nation that breeds not falſe-hearted men;
But though the moſt are bad, yet every where
Some honeſt men are ſcatter'd here and there.
And as th'are thickly ſown and thin come up,
So they drink deepeſt of afflictions Cup.
A Raſcals Heaven is here, and here's his Love,
A good mans Hell is here, his Heaven's above:
A vertuous man ſowes ſeeds of goodneſſe here,
And Faith aſſures Hope Fruits eternall there.
And now of London ſome few lines ile write,
And then my Satyre bids you all Good Night.

THe yeare full fifteen hundred and two ſcore,
King C. from Scotland came, and never more
Was flatt'ry us'd with great magnificence,
The City London entertain'd their Prince;

Mark

Mark how the curſed Jewes Hoſanna cry'd,
When Chriſt into Jeruſalem did ride;
With boughs they deckt their doores, and in their ſtreet,
They threw their garments trampled under feet:
Theſe flattring duties then thoſe Jewes did ſhow,
To whom both Heaven and Earth obedience owe:
Yet few dayes after their malicious ſtrife
Did Crucifie our glorious Lord of life.
Much like to this was Londons fading flame
Of love, when Royall C. from Scotland came,
They rung the Bells, and bonefires were conſum'd;
Thouſands were ſick with healths, and th'aire perfum'd
With Cannons thundring war, and Chimnies reak:
Yea all that heart could think, or tongue could ſpeak,
By flattring Loyalty was then expreſt,
With th' entertainment of a mighty Feaſt.
This did brave London do, yet pray but note,
In three dayes after they would cut his throat;
For thouſands of them did like Fiends conjoyne
To ſpend their lives, their ſoules, their goods, and coyne,
And many a Thimble, Bodkin, and a Ring,
They offer'd up to ſacrifice their King:
Oh faithleſſe truſt! accurs'd with flattry varniſht,
Like to a rotten Sepulchre new garniſht.
My Satyre, againſt all doth not complaine
In London, many thouſands do remaine,
Who are couragious, wiſe, and pollitick,
And to their principles do ſtoutly ſtick,
Who never made their wealth the means to buy
Their owne and every mans calamity,
Who are no weathercocks or woodcock Widgeons,
To be of any, none, or all Religions,
Who did the former Goverment obey,
And to be rul'd (by this) do not gainſay:
Who patient take their Lots as they do fall,
And conſtant, humbly, give God thanks for all.
In London many ſuch now living be,
But very few of them are known to me.

FINIS.